JOSEPH M. FREEDMAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
LYCEUM THEATRE BUILDING
MEMPHIS, TENN.

MEMPHIS, TENN.
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U.S. POSTAGE
ONE CENT

Miss. Frances Levine,
70 Somers St.,
Brooklyn,
N. Y.

JOSEPH M. FREEDMAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
LYCEUM THEATRE BUILDING
MEMPHIS, TENN.

April 26th, 1917.

Darling Toots, mine:-

Just received both your darling letters of the 23rd, one being written at night. Darling, that letter which you wrote at night was simply a masterpiece. It was wonderfull, Toots, the way you showed me how much you loved & love me. I never doubted your love sweetheart, but I've been so lonesome & disappointed that I reason my mind flew faster than my pen & therefore wrote the way I did.

Precious mine, I hope it won't be long before we are together again as I expect to leave here either Saturday night or Monday night. I'll send you a telegram the night I leave. Cohn wanted to loan me the money before I got my check, but I felt I'd better stay here & see the thing through as you know how I felt all during that time. I am going to communicate with my Senator & see if he can't extend my time, if the conscription bill passes, so that I can be with you for at least 30 days. Darling mine, I won't say another word about war, until I'm with you & then we can discuss that & ~~when~~ about being either secretly or publicly married. Any way suits me, darling, as all I want is you! About your joining the Leon. State Board, we'll also have to discuss that, as I'm not favorably inclined to have

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my wife work when I should do all the supporting. Maybe there is something else in it which you haven't stated in your letter, so we'll wait & discuss every thing thoroughly when I get home.

Toots, don't ever think I doubted your love for me. I don't, never did & ~~will~~ never will, for I believe in you implicitly. I believe in you because I love you. Love you so much that all I do is think of you, dream of you and talk of you. You, my own, my wife-to-be. Oh! darling mine, how I could take you in my arms, squeeze you and kiss you. Hold you to my heart and whisper how much, much my heart holds for you. Francis, dear, I'm not well up in writing letters the way you are, that is such letters that are fit for an author's pen, but every thing you wrote applies to you from me. The only thing in addition that I can say is that when I get home, I'll show you & the whole world how much I love you, how much I need you & how much I love & want you.

I am not, as yet, through with my uncle's case. Every day this week I've been in that dog-gone court-room listening, examining & scrapping. I can tell you, wife mine, that I'm tired. My strength is practically all capped up. The worst part of it all is that there is practically

U.S. Marine Corps Recruit,
Barracks Detachment
Navy Yard,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

June 19th, 1917.

My darling Toots Frances:-

Slept rotten last night as I was continually thinking of how hard you are working and could hardly wait to write and ask you how you are now. Are you still very tired, poor mine? I sure do wish I could help you in some way so as to relieve you a bit. Do take care of yourself,